A MERRY MILITARY SATIRE AND A RAILWAY THRILLER. Hoyt's Theatre Respond Last Night with Charles H. Hoyt's "A Milk White Fing" "A Locomotive in "A Ride for Life,"

An entertainment which was placed at Hoyt's Theatre last evening will remain there as long as "A Trip to Chinatown" did, because it proved the same kind of a commingling of farce, satire, and vandeville, unless the fact that it travesties a funeral proves too repugnant. Even with that fault, which is a serious one, it is bound to have a deal of success with people who are not sensitive or fastidious about making fun of human corpses and sacred rites. The same distasteful theme did not ruin Edward Harrigan's "The Leather Patch" for popularity, and so it may not greatly damage the value of this piece with the Indiscriminate part of the public. The new play was entitled The Milk White Flag," and it was the work of Charles H. Hoyt, whose achievements for many years in a peculiar department of stagecraft baya not yet developed a successful rival.

This fresh example of Mr. Hoyt's ability as theatrical humorist was, during the first third of it, a satire on the amateur soldiery, but so good-natured that our National Guardsmen should be smong the readlest to laugh at it. The club house of the Ransome Guards was first shown. The Colonel, who confessed that his military glory cost him ten thou-sand a year, had fitted up for his regient's officers extremely luxurious quarters. This first act was choke full of songs, dances, and excellent jocularity. The weaknesses and foibles of militiamen were lampooned smartly in the Hoytlan style, and generally by means of episodal bits that were like jokes dramatized from the comic jour-nals. Interspersed with those farcicalities songs and dances. Most of the ditties were new, as to words at least, and the verses

were songs and dances. Most of the ditties were new, as to words at least, and the verses jingled their topics pretty well. There were jingled their topics pretty well. There were young women fantastically garbed as drummers, vivandleres, and messengers, who marched, sang, and imparted a spectacular aspect to the scenes. The author had done some clever characterization, notably in the person of a real, fighting, regular officer who was a cynical observer of the make-believe soldiers. He was admirably acted by Frank J. Keenan. So merry and solvited was this act that the audience laughed and applauded all through it, and made a great racket after the curtain fell.

Then came the equivocal part of the play. Mr. Hoyt had taken a hazardous risk of being offensive by making a funeral the central thing, and then had tried to insure himself against disaster by treating the matter advoitly. There was no dead person in the case. A man undertook to swindle a life insurance company by pretending to die. The Colonel of the Guards, hearing of the supposed death, hastily had the man elected to memberships, and planned gorgeous obsequies for him, in order to outdo a burial affair in which the Blues, a rival millitary organization, had lately distinguished themselves, although the andience, and a majority of the characters on the stage, knew the death was a sham, the mock widow did not, and her heartiess frivoility in black was rather shocking than laughable. Isabelle Coe enacted this woman with discreet humor, but neither shocking than laughable. Isabelle Coe enacted this woman with discreet humor, but neither shocking than laughable. Isabelle Coe enacted this woman with discreet humor, but neither shocking than laughable. Habelle Coe enacted this woman with discreet humor, but neither shocking than laughable. Habelle Coe enacted this woman with discreet humor, but neither shocking than laughable. Habelle Coe enacted this woman with discreet humor, but neither shocking than laughable. Habelle Coe enacted this woman with discre

accompanied that which was redolent of grave-yard mould.

The hall of the armory was shown in the third act. In spite of the smallness of the theatre's stage, a good idea of spaciousness was conveyed by the expert painting and arranging of the scenery. The embellishments and lighting were bright, and thus a very gay enclos-ure of some spirited action was effected. The funeral matter extended through this act, but there was a plenty of good singing, showy marching to bands of music, and for a genuinely aumorous climax the presentation of a milk-white flag as suitable for the regimental colors.

Two features of "A Ride for Life," the new melodrama played last night at the Grand Oplar plays which depend upon attempts at realism in their bids for favor. One of these items was a locomotive engineer, the other an entirely new sort of stage locomotive. The man was on the programme in large letters, as "Jim Root, engineer St. P., and D. R. R. the hero of Hinckley, who saved 300 lives." His appearance was oddly untheatric when he stood as near the centre of the stage as he dared to come, and bobbed his head up and down at the audience. Clad in clean jumper and overalls, his head covered by a vizored cloth cap, he looked the Monday morning engineer and was by all odds the most natural thing in the whole play. His only speech, "What is it. Andy?" was audible as far as four rows of seats from the footlights, but nevertheless made of him a great favorite all over the house. Later he figured in the scene that gives to the play its title, and was in the cab of a railroad engine. This contrivance was in the middle of the stage, and was a fair representation of an undersised locomotive with tender attached. It was shown under full steam and speed and with the stage half dark. The four wheels of the tender and the engine's two drivers revolved rapidly, the piston rods and eccentrics seemed to perform their functions, and there were clouds of steam issuing from he engine, but still the whole affair held the centre of the stage, its place by rights, to be sure, without any forward movement. An appearance of motion was lent by the construction of the body of the tender and of the boiler ahead of it. Each consisted of a wide beit run over pulleys at each corner of the apparatus, with the beit running in the direction the engine was taking, on the sides which were visible to the audience. Beneath hall this, the tracks were seen to be ballasted with long, wavy grase of that vivid hae known only to melodrama. This was kept in constant motion by a strong draught, and added to the deception. A more important factor, however, than either of these was the engine's whistle. This shricked attaching them signed was through them signed as the villain, was the items was a locomotive engineer, the other an entirely new sort of stage locomo-

#### ALL HANDS OFF THE NIKO NOW. One Steamship Took the Crew, and the Next Took the Little Dog

The Ward line steamship Orizaba, which arrived on Sunday night from Havana, brought news of the rescue by her sister ship, the Seneca, of a little white dog from the derelict Austrian bark Otac Niko, off the Florida coast, on Tuesday last. The Niko was the vessel that the steamship El Sud, from New Orleans, passed aftre on Friday. Her crew, when they passed afire on Friday. Her crew, when they abandoned her, evidently in a great hurry, left the dog aboard. The Seneca, which got to Havana from this port on Wednesday, bore down on the bark. Seeing the little dog barking on the derelect's deck, the Seneca's akipper thought that there might be some of the crew aboard. A boat was lowered in charge of the chief officer, who boarded the bark and brought away the dog. The chief officer set free to the bark, which blazed up like a great bondre, much to the delight of the Seneca's passengers, who thronged the rall.

Edward R. La Fotra, as receiver of Charles Scale & Co., jewellers, whose place of business was at Twentieth street and Broadway prior to their failure in 1893, obtained a verdict for \$1.409.17 before Judge McAdam of the Superior Court, yesterday, against Pawnbroker Willian R. Glover. "Baroness" Blanc bought a diamond aunburst from Charles Scale & Co. in the fall of 1892 along with other jewelry. She did fail of 1892 along with other jewelry. She did not pay the \$1.800 charged for the pin nor did she return it, although she returned the other jewelry. On Jan. 7, 1893, D. G. Yuengting, Jr., with whom she was associated at the time, took the pin to Mr. thover, who does a pawabroking hashness at 102 West Thirty-eighti street. Mr. Yuengting had been there before, and without healtancy Mr. Glover advanced \$800 on the pin. It was claimed on the trial that Charles Seals & 10.0 arranged with the "Haroness" that she was not to own the jewel until it had been paid for. Mr. Glover contended that the pin had been sold to him by Yuengting. He was willing to let it go for the money he had paid for it.

# Schelder Sues Mrn. Sallade.

Jacob Scheider, the proprietor of the Ariing-tha Hotel, the house which Mrs. Sallade tried to prove was a resort for disorderly persons, has rought suit against her for \$20,000 damages, his, he says, is only one of a series of suits hich he means to bring against her. Mrs. Sellade says she is not afraid. THE GUN OF TWOFOLD CHARGES. THRASHED THREE TOUGHS.

Projectic and the Receit Espect For. WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—During the present ovel gun, for the manufacture of which with its projectiles Congress year before last made the liberal appropriation of \$50,000. It was invented by Mr. H. P. Hurst of Mississippi, and the system was first applied by him experimentally to small arms. That was as far back as Secretary Whitney's time; but since then it has been improved, and it secured the approval of various ordnance experts in support of its bill before Congress.

The principle employed is that of the multicharge, which in itself has already been made familiar through the well-known Haskell or Lyman-Haskell gun. This latter secured an ap-propriation fully a dozen years ago for its trial, and both 6-inch and 8-inch calibres have been constructed. The object is that of firing proof powder. The idea is to store a succession of charges in chambers or pockets along the bore of the gun, each exploding in succession behind projectile, and thus giving it a greatly accelerated velocity when it leaves the muzzle. The first charge is one of slow-burning powder, and the others are quick burning. One of the advantages in any multicharge system is claimed to be that of producing much greater muzzle velocity, and hence a far greater range and penetrative power, with a much less dangerous strain upon the gun. It is plain that if the charge of powder ordinarily exploded behind a projectile in the chamber of a gun is divided into several parts exploded successively the pressure produced by any one of these must be much less than that of the whole combined. The Haskell s-inch gun, besides the chamber in the breach, has two auxiliary pockets.

Turning to the Hurst gun, it is 36 feet long and of 8-inch calibre, in that respect resembling the Haskell; and this is much longer than the 8-inch naval gun of the usual pattern, the difference being required for the operation of the peculiar system. The first charge starting the Hurst projectile is a very small fraction of the entire charge, and when started the principal portion is next exploded. The part played by the powder chamber is shown by the fact that it is about six feet long and about a foot in diameter. The small initial powder charge is placed at the end of a steel tube over six feet long and four inches diameter on the inside. A rocket-shaped projectile, having a diameter of eight inches at the head and four inches at the rear, together with this tube, into which the smaller end of the projectile fits, are placed within a larger copper cylindrical casing, about one foot in diameter and four feet long. The main charge of powder is placed between the inner tube and the copper easing. The whole arrange ment constitutes the cartridge of the gun. After the charge at the end of the tube is exploded, the projectile having been started on its course, and reaching the further end of the

After the charge at the end of the tuce is exploded, the projectile having been started on its course, and reaching the further end of the steel tube, the flame ignites the main charge in the copper cylinder, and thus accelerates the velocity.

It will be seen that the Hurst system is quite different from the Haskell in its practical operation while aiming at the same end, since the multicharge in one case is obtained by the peculiar construction of the cartridge, and in the other by a system of consecutive pockets. If the Hurst gun succeeds, as is hoped, it will be able to employ a much larger total charge of powder in the 8-inch gun than under the ordinary system. Its purpose in that respect is shown by its having a breech chamber big enough for a 10-inch gun. That, of course, implies a very much greater muzzle velocity and corresponding penetration and range, Instead of using 125 pounds of powder, it is expected to employ 220, and yet to give a pressure less than that of the ordinary gun. Again, the projectile itself can be greatly increased in weight, possibly reaching 350 instead of 250 pounds, and still a much greater range and penetration reached than in ordinary guns.

How far this system will succeed can only be known by practical trial. Haif a dozen years ago some tests made with the Hurst small arm were considered to be very successful and promising. One objection to the present gun, which would naturally suggest itself, is that the minimum diameter of its projectile compared with its length may make it difficult to keep steady in flight without "wabbling" or turning over; but to overcome this difficulty the rifling has one complete turn in about twelve feet, whereas the ordinary distance is one-third greater.

There is one other point regarding the Hurst gun which makes it of great interest, namely, its hoped-for suitability for the use of high explosives as the bursting charge of its shells. This advantage was also looked for in the Haskell multicharge gun. The idea is that if the initial charge is

# MARIE LLOYD DISCHARGED.

Manager Kraus Says She Violated the Contract-She Says She Was Forced Out, Marie Lloyd, the music hall singer from London, who has been at the Imperial Music Hall since Sept. 10, and whose engagement was to last until Nov. 1, has been dismissed by Man ager George J. Kraus. Mr. Kraus said yesterday: "I discharged her because she violated the rules of my house and refused to attend rehearsals. She has violated the contract, not I." Miss Lloyd declared that Manager Kraus tried

salary.

"Eleven o'clock's the time for my sct," she said, "and Kraus put up a placard in my dressing room commanding me to be there at 8. I had my friend, Ada Alexandre, come in and hit with me. I was humming a snatch of music in an undertone, really, now, when a porter carried he didn't allow strangers on his stage, nor did he allow me to try my voice in my dressing room, as it annoyed his audience. I sent for him and said I wanted to know what he meant, and he cried out that he had a lot to worry him and that he was liable to write anything when he was wild.

to pretend to have a row with another woman who was playing there. He said he had got up

who was playing there. He said he had got up such rows before, and they were good things. I wouldn't have shything to do with it. A few nights later the woman attacked me with an umbrells, but I knew she was trying to advertise herself and I got away.

"The next adventure was when Kraus wanted me to order out of my room my dresser. Then he called me names and eald I was drunk. The charge was absurd.

"But the great smash came last night, when I was standing in the cafe and a good-humored chap, Jim, the check-taker, came to me and said that Kraus had discharged him because he admitted me by the front door when Kraus had ordered me to go to the sub-cellar way. He said that Kraus accused him of drunkenness. I laughed said, taking a light bit of a step, said: "You are drunk," roared Kraus, as he plunged down the stairway, and he would have burned my face with his lighted clear had not the porter interceded. Then he pushed me into my dressing room and said: "Go there or on to the bloody sidewalk."

"I then sent Mr. Albert Operti, the scenic artist, for my doctor, Alderman Samuel Wes-

dressing room and said. 'Go there or on to the bloody sidewalk.

"I then sent Mr. Albert Operti, the scenic artist, for my doctor. Alderman Samuel Wesley Smith of 24 West Thirtieth street. He gave me a thorough examination, and pronounced me perfectly sober. He also said if I got into trouble with Kraus he would see me through.

"This morning I got a masty little note from Kraus, saying that on account of my unlady-like behavior I was diamissed. It saked me to take my clothes away, but said nothing about my salary for last week. I'm going to hire a lawyer. I will secure everything he owes me. The worst I swer called him was a 'dirty, low, common sheeny man." common sheeny man.'"

Miss Lloyd did not sing at the Imperial last night.

The Mystery of the Etruria Just About as

Miss Douglass, the young lady who came off the Etruria last Saturday night and disappeared after telling the Custom House officials that they would find in the stateroom her baggage, which, however, was not on board the vessel, has not yet been found, despite the efforts of Col. Story of the custome inspectors' corps, the lawyer for Redfern, and the Treasurer of the lawyer for Redfern, and the Treasurer of the New York Cab Company. When a reporter called at Redfern's yesterday the manager said that he supposed the young woman might be connected with one of their European touses. At the cab company's office the Treasurer, Mr. Lexow, said that all the company had been abla to discover was that out of the seventy-odd fares which they had carried from the Etruria only two had been single women in single caba, and that one had gone to the Holland House, the other to the Waldorf. At both these places it is dented that any passenger from the Etruria has registered.

JUDGE MURPHY OF WILLIAMS.

BURGH IN A STREET SCRAP. Came About Through His Protecting Woman from Her Husband, Who Was Chasing Hor-The Toughs Took the Husband's Part - A Homerte Combat. Any pugitist voluntarily quitting the ring, previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.—London Price Ring Bules.

There were three quitters. The crowd was referee, and Judge Edward Clarence Murphy was the victor. It did not last long, but it was a beautiful fight, and when it was all over the Judge stood like the grass-crowned Roman gladiator and received the plaudits of stouthearted men and women. They wanted to run him for Governor on the spot.

Judge Murphy, as he is known on the docket, "Ed" Murphy, as he is known to the boys, or E. Clarence Murphy, as he is known to himself, is a Civil and Police Justice in Williamsburgh. He lives at 1,080 Pacific street, Brooklyn. He is President of the newly organised Atlantic Athletic Club of Coney Island, and is an allround promoter of justice in Williamsburgh and of pugilism on Coney Island. He can put a man to sleep for ten minutes as easily as he can send him up for ten days. There will be har-mony at all meetings of the Atlantic Athletic Club when the Judge presides Years ago he "ran with the machine" in Brook. lyn, and there secured much physical training as well as popularity. Hooks were not needed when the walls of a burning building were to be pulled down if the Judge was around. He just reached out his right, and down went the wall. In this way much expense was saved to the city Government of Brooklyn, and many were the laurels added for the Judge's wearing. A big silver trumpet in his house on Pacific street is evidence of the fireman's prowess.

All of this history was unknown to the three young toughs who went up against the Judge on Sunday night, when he was trying to save a wife from her husband's brutality. The Judge and two friends had been attending a meeting of the Atlantic Athletic Club at its offices, on the corner of Fulton and Washington streets. They were rushing matters to be in readines for the series of fights which will take place at the Sea Beach Palace at Coney Island next Mon-day night. They had started for home, and had reached Myrtle avenue when they were stopped by a woman's wall for help. In the third-story window at 55 Myrtle avenue they saw a woman standing, half dressed, and with dishevelled hair hanging down her back. A man stood behind her.

sake give me help!" The next instant she ran back in the room, the The next instant she ran back in the room, the man after her. Judge Murphy could not stand that. The Justice, who was gallant enough to get out of bed at 1 o'clock in the morning to marry Mr. and Mrs. Jack McAuliffe, was again ready to answer a woman's call for help. As the Judge and his friends crossed the street the woman rushed down stairs almost into their arms. Hehind her was the man, who yelled to them to get out of the way and mind their own business.

"She's my wife," he added in explanation.

"What has she done?" asked one of Murphy's friends.

"She's my wife," he added in explanation.
"What has she done?" asked one of Murphy's friends.
"None of your damn business!" yelied the infuriated husband. "Get out of the way." But they couldn't get out of the way. The walk was now packed by a mob, which had been attracted by the woman's cries. There were some young toughs looking for trouble and a number of women. The woman who had called for helo was carried into the crowd, while her husband was fighting his way forward to reach her. Doubtless he would have succeeded if he had not received a punch in the jaw which made his head drop back at an angle of 45 degrees. Judge Murphy disclaims credit for the blow, but his friends say that there was no other man in the crowd who could have delivered it with such machinelike precision and damaging effect. Then the fun began. The man slunk back in the doorway with all the fight knocked out of him. But a big bruiser and two smaller bruisers stepped forward. The big bruiser swung himself into fighting form and said to the Judge: "What th'eli are yous' interferih in family affairs fer, anyhow?"

"Yes, why a in't you attending to your own business," growled the other.
"What's that?" said the Judge, turning on his beel as though to deliver the famous "pivot" blow.

A timekeeper was not needed. The big fellow's

what's that," said the Judge, turning on his heel as though to deliver the famous "pivot" blow.

A timekeeper was not needed. The big fellow's right was about half way toward the Judge's face when he received a blow under the jaw which brought tweive separate solar systems within his view. He fell back in the crowd as though struck by a flying windlass. The other bruiser made a lunge and missed, and before he could get his bearings he, too, was laid low with a Murphy right-hander. The Judge's left was held in reserve for the third tough, who was removing his coat. Before this removal was accomplished the big bruiser had struggled to his feet and the Judge was compelled to throw both hands into action.

A triple-action kinetoscope could not have recorded the scene which followed. The crowd drew back in wonder, the women forming the front guard and cheering the Judge as he rained blows like hall on a tin roof. The big fellow went down again and again, and as fast as the other fellows came up they were sent to the ground.

"Get behind him, Duffy," yelled one.
"Stand back," yelled the Judge to the crowd. The crowd retreated, and the Judge turned to the first in the to leach a side has the other that it into to leach a side has the other that it into to leach a side has the side has the side of the triple to the crowd.

"Standback," yelled the Judge to the crowd. The crowd retreated, and the Judge turned just in time to lose his silk hat by Duffy's badly aimed blow. When the hat had been avenged Duffy was in a very groggy condition, but he went back to the fight with his two companions, who, although also groggy, were still game. The crowd whooped and yelled."
"Want any help, Judge?"
"No. [Biff, bang on the big fellow.] "The show these ibiff, biff fellows whether a woman bang, bang on the little fellow] can be hit [biff, biff] or not."
Finally the three men lay stricken on the ground, all but knocked out. The Judge, hat off and with both fists ready, stood waiting like a conquering hero for his enemies to rise and take the finishing touches.
"Come, get up there if you want any more," he said.
"Wow." was the big fellow's mournful wail

said. "Wo-w." was the big fellow's mournful wail as he got to his feet and staggered away into the as he got to his feet and staggered away into the crowd.

The other two brusers followed their companion. All carried as fine an assortment of black eyes, bruised noses, and cut faces as one would wish to see outside of an emergency hospital.

The Judge without a scratch calmiy wiped the dust from his slik hat, and shook the creases out of his light buff overcoat.

"Perhaps there are other gentlemen here who would like to join the fistic carnival." he said pleasantly.

would like to join the fistic carnival." he said pleasantly.
"Yes," piped up one of the Judge's frienda, who had kept pretty quiet. "Are there others who kick against our interference with family affairs of this nature?"

There were no responses to these suggestive inquiries. During the melée Policeman Mulialy dropped in and arrested Ernest W. Strube is a young photographer, who once made pictures for the Rogues' Gallery of the Brooklyn Police Department. He got drunk on Sunday evening, and after returning home began to abuse his wife. He complained because she insisted on sitting up, and in order to produce soporfic infinences he began to pound her.
Yesterday morning at the Adams street police station, when Strube was brought before the bar, Policeman Mullaly handed this note to Police Justice Walsh:

If your Honor would communicate with Judge

lice Justice Walsh:

If your Honor would communicate with Judge
Murphy, he would more particularly inform you of
the nature of this case, as he personally witnessed
it from serious the street and was the first
rush to save the woman, and he was then interfered with by some loafers. But he deant with
them.

"How did he deal with them?" Justice Walsh asked. "Well, I guess they will cat their meals off the mantle for the next week," the policeman

mantle for the next week," the policeman answered.

No further explanations were demanded.

Judge Murphy was not so enthusiastic in describing the light as those of his friends who had furnished details to THE SUN reporter, but he corroborated their story.

"Yes," he said, "I did smash one fellow in a way that he will not forget, and I guess there were one or two more who were in it. We heard the woman yelling for help and protection, and, of course, we couldn't stand it to keep still under those circumstances."

Then the Judge assumed a judicial air and continued:

Then the Judge assumed a judicial air and continued:

"Mind you, young man. I don't think it is always safe to interfere with family affairs. I conce had a friend who stepped into a room to protect a wife from her husband's beating. She was pretty badly used up. Well, when my friend interfered the woman and her husband both turned on him and nearly beat the life out of him. A man must exercise discretion in such matters."

Et Paso, Oct. 8.-A big land suit was decided in the United States Court to-day. It involved 300,000 acres of land, valued at more than \$1,000,000 acres of land, valued at more than \$1,000,000, in the Yeleta grant. The property was ciaimed under an old Spanish grant, but the Texas and Pacific Hallroad had quiented a big slice of it from the State and sold part to Chicago and New York men. Judge Maxey decided the Spanish Mexican grant invalid owing to lack of proper records and misty proof senerally.

Members of the Cotton Exchange and of several up-town clubs were pained to learn yesterday that Martin J. S. de Garmendia was very till of consumption at the country home of his parents in Dobba Ferry, and that he was not expected to live. LIFE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Discussion over Capt. Ward's retirement from the direction of the New York Baseball Club is unusually active at present, on account of the striking success which the club has met with under his management during the Temple Cup games. Baseball must have a warm place in the hearts of New Yorkers, when so large a number as 400,000 spectators are recorded as having passed through the turnstiles in a single season, and when a game in October can draw a crowd of 22,000 people. The horse races did not arouse anything like the excitement around the tickers at the various public resorts as the baseball games have during the recent series. The cry at the beginning of the season was that the Giants had too much old timber in the team, and criticisms were made on the ground of advanced age against Capt. Ward, "Mike" Tiernan, and Van Haltren. Then it was pointed out that the Baltimore players, who had won the championship, were all exceedingly young men. It is significant, however, that all the honors taken in the Temple Cup series of games have been seized by the veterans. The melancholy, doleful, and taciturn Mr. Tiernan, from the in terior of New Jersey, was the hero of the first Baltimore game. Van Haltren's marvellous catching, batting, and throwing to the home plate carried off the homes of the second game, and New Yorkers have seen no finer exhibition of ball playing in many years than Ward gave when he players in many years than Ward gave when he players by the way, is very much exaggerated. Tiernan is usually looked upon as a man of thirty-five years of age, though as a matter of fact he is only twenty-eight. Like the other heavy weights of the New York Club, he began playing ball very young. Capt. Ward is not yet thirty-five, and is a splendid example of a vigorous, powerful, and well-balanced athlete. In accepting the photographs of his feilow members of the club the other day, he announced that he was glad to receive them, as they would be a mannente of the last club he would ever manage. It is evident that he has taken to heart the somewhat absurd hostlity displayed toward him in the early part of the season.

"This particular time of year," said a distingterior of New Jersey, was the hero of the first

"This particular time of year," said a distin guished citizen of New York yesterday, "always recalls to my mind a short talk I had with Charles Stewart Parnell in London a few weeks before his death. I had come in, after an ali-night trip from Dublin, and landed in London at in early hour in the morning. It was barely daylight, and I felt restless and warm after my partial sleep in the train. I started to walk along the Thames embankment to my hotel, just as morning broke, and had almost reached the House of Parliament, when the tall, stoop-shouldered, and well-known figure of Mr. Parnell loomed up in the gray light of the morning in front of me. It was a time when the entire press of Great Britain was bounding the Irish patriot in the most brutal and outrageous manner. His private affairs had been taken up by the press, and he was undergoing a martyrdom more severe than that of any other public man in the history of the world. When he saw me he stopped and shook hands, and as we conversed I turned and walked back with him until I reached the railroad bridge, where he left me. He had been up all night, working with his attorneys and pursuing his efforts to keep the Irish party together. His face was stamped with the look of a man who had reached the absolute end of energy and life. The natural pallor of his skin had given way to a whiteness that was almost transparent, his nose was pinched and drawn, and there were heavy purple circles beneath his eyes. I noticed that his neck, wherever it could be seen under his hair, had grown very thin, and there was an indescribably weary look in every feature of his face and figure. I believe I am somewhat of a traveller, and I certainly have a wide acquaintance with public men, but never in my life had I seen so pathelic a picture as Mr. Parnell presented in the gray light of that London morning. I should be glad to see some more adequate recognition of the anniversary of his death in this country than has thus far been shown, and I think a great many thousands of Americans feel the same way." Irish patriot in the most brutal and outrageous

For several weeks past country fairs have been held with great regularity in Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York. These celebrations are, as a rule, slightly spectacular in character, and have heretofore always been thoroughly moral, owing to the vigilance of the promoters, as far as thimbleriggers, gamblers, and roulette men were concerned. But the promoters of the fairs are apparently human after all, and it is a melancholy fact that they have given way before the Midway dancers with something approaching unanimity. The women have protested vigorously, and substantial old farmers have fallen by the wayside. There are at least a dozen managers of these suggestive dancers who have sprung up in the last few months, and they have "worked" the fairs with great success. They usually secure a tent or hall in the grounds, under the guise of giving a beauty show or minastrel entertainment, and then as soon as the fair is open they put up posters, announcing that the Midway dancers will be found inside. There is invariably a rush, a vigorous protest from the women, and a good deal of uproar during the first few hours. Then the manager invites the substantial men of the fair to judge for themselves, and they all sit in the front row, observing the dancers closely and listening to the dulcet explanations of the proprietor of the show. Then he thrusta a dozen or more tickets into the hands of the fair directors, and asks them to conside; the matter until the next day. The opposition of the feminine contingent is invariably flerce, but in nine cases out of ten the dancers are permitted to are apparently human after all, and it is a mel-

Young Mr. Astor is generally commented upon for having bought several lots in the rear of his new house on Fifth avenue so as to form a tennis court where Mrs. Astor can practise during the winter months. She is an enthusi-astic player, but it appears to the ordinary individual that \$160,000 is a rather large sum to pay for a tennis court. History repeats itself, for the grandfather of John Jacob Astor spent a sum considerably larger than this, considering the relative value of money then and now, for a somewhat similar purpose. The elder Mr. Astor was fond of exercise in winter, but he did not like to go out on the roads in the upper part of the city to ride, because the boys had a well-cultivated and cheerful habit of stonling equestrians. In order to provide a place for this exercise Mr. Astor built a big stable and ring enclosure on Lafayette place. The place was exactly like the up-town riding schools of to-day, and it is said to be an impressive spectacle to see the elder Astor, attired in a frock coat and a high hat, driving sedately around his ring for an hour every afternoon. pay for a tennis court. History repeats itself,

Probably no man who has a great number of enterprises in hand calls for the services of a stenographer as rarely as does Henry E. Abbey. As a rule, managers of extensive business interests are aided by two or three alert, accurate, and quick-witted assistants, who attend to all the details of their business. Mr. Abbey had a secretary, Charles Chatterton, for many years, but Mr. Chatterton never bore the air of a man labor. He has recently settled in London, where he will be manager of one of the theatres belonging to the Abbey chain. There is one inflexible rule among Mr. Abbey's assistants, and that is to keep the details of daily business away from his attention. With seven or eight prima donnas, haif a dozen famous stars, and innumerable theatrical interests, there is naturally a great amount of detail to be decided upon in the office, but it never reaches the head of the firm. Mr. Grau and Mr. Schoeffel, the other partners, have a good deal of the same manner as Mr. Abbey. They arrive at the office late in the day, and are not usually to be found at their deaks after 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A few terss words usually settle every question that comes up. It is a significant thing that contracts of enormous figures for the costuming of operas, the hiring or building of theatres, and the management of such amusement enterprises as "America" the Metropolitan Opera, the Lillian Russell Opera Company, the Hoston, New York, and Chicago theatres, and the Mr. Augustus Harris enterprises are all pushed ahead with a single nod or a word. Negotiations necessary for the closing of contracts with such people as Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Mme. Fanner, the Det Reszkos, Calvé, Hernhardt, Coquello, and others are always accomplished by a verbal discussion. It may safely be said that fewer letters are written from the office of this firm than from any other similar office in the world. he will be manager of one of the theatres belong-

The new drink of the day, for there is always something new in drinks, is a rickey. The fact that it achieved its first boost into popularity at the recent Republican State Convention in Saratoga would put all true Democrata, and good citizens generally, on their guard against this decection. You take a glass, and put into this decoction. You take a glass, and put into it enough cracked ice to fill a third of it; then you take two limes and squeeze them thoroughly, leaving the limes to the glass, not necessarily for consumption, but as an evidence of good faith. Then you pour in as much whiskey for about as much over the ice as there is lime juice, and then dil the glass with seltzer water. No sugar is to be used; no other liquids are to be introduced. The decoction is a pleasant one to the taste, for lime juice is more grateful to the palate than lemon juice. The name "rickey" is said to owe its origin to the liquids are to be introduced. The decoction is a pleasant one to the taste, for lime juice is more grateful to the palate than lemon juice. The name "rickey" is said to owe its origin to the illustrious man who invented the combination as St. Louis gentleman who helps shape, in an advisory capacity, the course of legislation in Congress, irrespective of routine party lines, which are nothing between friends.

ALL WESTCHESTER HUNTING FOR MISS JUDSON'S ASSAILANT. Red-haired Man, Who Had Been Fed at Dr. Judson's House, Sprang Out of the Dorkness at His Baughter-She Fought

DORSS FERRY, Oct. 8.-Miss Ella Judson, the 18-year-old daughter of Dr. C. H. Judson, who lives in the neighborhood of the country resi-dences of the Goulds, the Fields, Henry Villard, and Charles P. McClelland, was attacked on Saturday night by a young man, within earshot of her home, adjoining the cetate of J. Jennings McComb. The girl fought her assailant vigorously, and he did not accomplish his purpose.

The sudden attack temporarily deprived Miss Judson of the power of speech, and she was unable to scream until she had been very roughly handled. The household responded to her cries

In the late afternoon the man had applied at several of the residences along Broadway for food. When he did not get it he abused the servants. It was noticed that he was decently dressed, and that he did not look much like a

food. When he did not get it he abused the servants. It was noticed that he was decently dressed, and that he did not look much like a hungry man. He was short, red haired, and appeared to be about 23 years old.

About 7 F. M. he called at the house of Mr. McComb, while the family was at dinner, and the servant gave him some bread and butter. He waited a few moments, and, crossing the lawn, scaled the wall which divides the property from that of Dr. Judson.

Half an hour later he knocked at the side door of Dr.Judson's residence and frightened the servant by his scowling demand for something to eat. She called another servant to stand at the door while she went to the pantry. She returned with some cold meat and bread.

Meanwhile Miss Judson, having finished dinner, started out to visit her friend, Miss Chidchester, a niece of Mr. McComb. She left the house by the front door, and, crossing the lawn, reached the gateway. She stood there a moment buttoning her gloves, when a noise close behind her startled her.

She turned, and a moment later the arms of a man were about her.

She was paralyzed with terror. She vainly tried to shriek for assistance. The fellow clapped his hand tightly over her mouth and dragged her backward. As she slipped he struck her in the mouth. Then he dragged her toward the bushes, which line the fence along Broadway. The knowledge of his intention gave her new life.

Her ather had heard the scream. He rushed from the house and found her lying at the gateway. He caught her up in his arms, carried her into his house, and sent the servants in every direction to spread the alarm.

The Doctor ordered a fast horse hitched to a light wagon, and, arming himself, started out after the man, accompanied or followed by Dr. Kellogg, De Witt Well, Frank Le Queer, Charles P. McClelland, William Ewing, John Wood, and other neighbors, some afoot and others in carriages. All were armed. Fully a hundred of the villagers joined in the man hunt. They searched every road, lane, and path within a radius of ten

#### THE RIGHT TO HISS IN THEATRES. Most Managers Beny It and Pavor the Prompt Suppression of Offenders,

The question of the right of a person at a theatre to hise the performance has been raised in Third avenue went into Keith's Union Square was put out and arrested. At the Jefferso hissed each act, but only after it was over. Jus tice Voorhis discharged him, saying:

"As there is no contradictory testimony to the prisoner's statement that he hissed at the proper time for showing his disapproval, I discharge

Oscar Hammerstein's performance at Koster E Bial's, when he hissed a singer on his own Count Kessler, the champagne man, was the other instance referred to. It naturally encouraged the hissing cranks to do their worst. The section of the Penal Code which seems to apply most directly to the offence is 448, which says:

A person who without authority of law wilfuily disturbs any assembly or meeting not unlawful in its character is guilty of a misdemeanor.

A difference of opinion regarding hissing was expressed by managers who were questioned on the subject, but the majority were emphatically against hissing. After the Hammerstein episodo Koster & Hial may be regarded as experts on the subject. Albert Bial said:

"If a man goes to a theatre and hisses he is nearly always either drunk or spiteful. The moment he emits a hiss from between his lips he lowers himself to the level of a serpent. If any man came into my house and hissed I would ask him politely to stop. If he refused, his money would be offered to him. If he still kept on hissing I would call an officer and have him ejected." George Kahn of Amberg's Irving Place Theatre said:

"Why shouldn't they hiss? A man who pays for a ticket to a theatre has as much right to hiss as to appland, and I have no right to drag him out of the seat he has purchased. Justice Voorhis was right."

George Lederer said:

"Hissing in the Casino would be met with a remonstrance, and, if it continued, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether till the loafer was cut of his seat. Then he would be shoved into the street and his money thrown after him."

J. Cheever Goodwin, the writer of "Dr. Syntax," "Wang." "The Merry Monarch." "The Devil's Deputy," and lots of other things, said:

"I have a perfect right as an intelligent, independent man to pay my way into any house, and then, if I choose, I can hiss to my heart's content and if a manager attempted to throw me out I tell you thered be trouble. I want andiences to hiss anything of mine that deserves it, and then I'll know where to improve to suit the public. Yes, sir, Justice Voorhis was right!"

"Well, if any one hissed Crane I'd feel like punching his eye," said Mr. Tommy Namack at the Star, "but I think I could be made to rue it. I think a man's got a right to hiss if he don't like a play; but it's a mighty contemptible busine

I think a man's got a right to hies if he don't like a play; but it's a mighty contemptible business."

Manager Burnham, who was present, said:

"'Well, no hissing will go on here while I am here, for it is a disturbance, and so disorderly conduct, and should be stopped. I would put out the offender."

"While I don't approve of hissing," said Manager Van Duzen of the Academy of Music, "I think a man would have a right to hiss if he didn't like the show, so long as he was not boisterous. Applause may be made just as disorderly as hissing, and if a man persisted in pounding with his cane or shouting 'Bravo,' to the annoyance of his neighbors. I would put him out if he would not stop."

Tom Maguire at the Fourteenth Street: "I'd bounce him out into the street."

"There are two sides to the question," said Manager McCormick of the Broadway. "If a man hissed and was quiet about it I would have to let him stay. If he was disorderly I'd have him ejected."

"The management of a place of amusement have a perfect right to return the money of any one in the audience and request him to go out," said Manager Biock of the Heraid Square Theate. "If he refuses they may use the necessary force. If a man hissed here I would most certainly call a pellerman to take him out."

Harry Mann, who is managing "The New Boy" at the Biandard for Charles Frohman, said:
"There should be no hissing at all. If a man

said:

"There should be no hissing at all. If a man refused to stop it, or to go out when I offered him the price of his ticket, I would have him put out. I had such a case in San Francisco, and the Judge fined the hisser \$10 and was sorry he conduct do more."

ouldn't do more." J. Charles Davis, chief of Harry Miner's staff.

It Was the Work of a Train Wrecker.

Fireman Charles Cottrell of Minneapolis was in-stantly killed and Engineer James E. Dutch of Minneapolis badiv injured.

The train was weeked in the manner planned for the same train one week age two miles this side of Prentice. A cross-cut saw was then atolen from the nearest tool house. The string-ars of the treetle were cut in two.

ATTACKED AT HER GATE.

Successfully for Her Honor-A Scream Brought Her Father Out, and Her Assatiant Fled-A Fruitiers Night Pursuit.

and the ruffian fied.

Theatre and hissed every act. For doing so he

A person who without authority of law wilfully dis-turbs any seembly or meeting not unlawful in its character is guilty of a misdemeanor.

J. Charles Bavis, chief of Harry Miner's staff, said:

"I have been visiting theatres in Spain, England, diermany, France, and South America for seven years, and in these countries the hissing habit prevails but the audiences are also more demonstrative in their approval than American audiences. I am axainst hissing. Justice Voorhla was wrong. The hisser offends everybody and nearly every man in the audience. I would force him out of my house."

"Hissing is all right," said Alexander Comstock.

TOMARAWK, Wis., Oct. 8. Train wreckers sawed the supporting timbers of the "Soo" raliway bridge at Tomahawk Junction last night, and the engine of the early west-bound passenger train went through the structure.

Why do so many intelligent and practical housekeepers who for years used other baking powders (which they considered the best), now use Cleveland's baking powder?

DR. HOLMES'S DEATH.

The End Was Perfectly Peaceful, yet Un-expected by the Family.

Boston, Oct. 8, Death came to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in a chamber overlooking the Charles River, and immortalized in the poem, 'My Aviary." The members of the family surmised that he would not survive the chilling winds of another New England winter, yet they unprepared for his death yesterday. Seated in his chair, unconsciousness came to him, and in a short half hour his spirit had flown. There was no time to put him into bed, and before the physician who had been summoned could arrive Dr. Holmes was dead.

Dr. Holmes and his son, Judge Holmes, were engaged in conversation in the former's bedroom yesterday afternoon just before the poet's death, and to neither was there any evidence that the end was so near. The conversation was such as was held between the two men daily, The dying man was sitting in a chair with his head bowed on the arm of another chair, and it was thought that he would be more comfortable if he could be moved into his favorite armchair, an old-fashioned piece of furniture with a winged back. Accordingly his son supported Dr. Holmes to the big chair and as the poet sank into it he leaned his head on one of the side

into it he leaned his head on one of the side rests and said:

"That is better, thank you." This simple phrase was the final utterance of Dr. Holmes.

His son and Mrs. Dixwell, who were in the room, soon noticed that the Doctor's breathing became irregular and almost immediately ceased altogether.

"Dr. Holmes knew that he was going to die," said a friend of his to-day, "but he made no direct reference to it and expressed no wish beyond that contained in this aignificant conversation he held with his son three or four days ago;

yond that contained in this significant conversation he held with his son three or four days ago:

"Well, Wendeil," said the Doctor, "what is it, King's Chapel?"

"Oh, yes, father," said Judge Holmes.
"All right: then I am satisfied. That is all I am going to say about it," said the Doctor.
His passing away was an ideal one. There was no pain. It was as peaceful as was his life. Dr. Holmes was down town as late as last Thursday at the Parker House making arrangements for the meeting of the Saturday Cluu, and despite his age and his bronchial affection he was in good apirits. During the summer, except for his astimatic troubles, Dr. Holmes had been in remarkably good health.

The arrangements for the funeral are being made under the supervision of Dr. John Dixwell. The services are to take place in King's Chapel at noon on Wednesday, and the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., will officiate. Burlai will be in the family lot at Mount Auburn. The services are to be of a semi-public nature, it is understood, although all the details have not been perfected. Cousins of Dr. Holmes will be the pail bearers.

COFFIN & STANTON'S SCHEMES. A Receiver Appointed Yesterday for Their Mt. Vernon Water Company, Newman Erb sent formal notices yesterday to

the creditors of Coffin & Stanton of his appointment as receiver, and requested them to confer with him concerning the affairs of the concern. Both members of the firm were in the receiver's offices in the Manhattan Life Insurance building Mr. Coffin said that as soon as he has had time

to prepare a report a proposition will be made to the creditors looking toward an immediate adjustment of the firm's liabilities. The receiver expects to begin the preparation of such a report at once, but could not say yesterday how soon it will be completed. He said that he had received a great many letters from out-of-town creditors and others who held securities in which the firm was interested. A good deal of criticism was made on the se

lection of the name of the Toledo and Ohio Central Extension Railroad Company by the firm for

trail Extension Railroad Company by the firm for one of their schemes. It was pointed out that the similarity of the name to that of the Toledo and Ohio Central Railway was well calculated to deceive the public. The latter company owns 206 miles of road, while the Coffin & Stanton concern has only a line of forty-five miles from Marietta to Newton, O., and two short branches. It has but three locomotives, five passenger, fifty coal, and ten freight cars.

Charles B. Ludwig has been appointed receiver for the New York City Suburban Water Company of Mt. Vernon, in which Coffin & Stanton were interested, on the application of Norwood & Dilley, attorneys for the American Debenture Company, which is a creditor for \$4,700. Mr. Ludwig's bond was fixed at \$10,000, which was furnished by the Lawyers Surety Company, was incorporated in June, 1892, with an authorized capital stock of \$1,500,000, to consolidate the Mt. Vernon Water Company, two old-established concerns. F. Hopkinson Smith, artist, author, and contractor, became President, and Clarence D. Turney, Treasurer. Norwood & Dilley said yesterday that they could not state the amount of liabilities of the company, but they understood that the property and plant are heavily mortaged. The receiver, they said, is authorized to continue the business so that the city of Mount Vernon would not be without water for domestic and fire purposes. Receiver Ludwig was the confidential clerk of Coffin & Stanton at the time of the assignment.

Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court yester day appointed the New York Security and Trust Company receiver of the \$150,000 bonds of the city of Ironwood, Mich., in its suit against Coffin & Stanton, and of the proceeds of the sale, pledge, hypothecation, or other disposition of these bonds by Coffin & Stanton or their agents. Peter B. Olney has been appointed referee in the suit.

# Salomon & Gutman Fall.

Salomon & Gutman, manufacturers of fure a 595 Broadway, failed yesterday. They gave pudgment to Blumenstiel & Hirsch, representing Leopold Well & Brothers, for \$7,926 for merchandise. Peter Zucker, attorney for the firm, said that besides the judgment of \$7,926 to hey had given a chattel mortgage for \$7,500 to Ned Harlam as security for borrowed money and endorsements. Mr. Zucker estimated the liabilities at \$50,000.

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struction of our Furniture; the workmanship is of

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So Greefe Prince, Ryers, Demerara.

So Galliee, Whitton, Hull.

Sa Hogarth, Black, Rio Janeiro.

Sa State of Texas, Hix, Fernandina.

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Ship Caras, Grady, Holfo.

Bark Strathome, McDougall, Buenos Ayres.

ABBITED OUT Re Utatein, from New York, at Dunkirk.
Se Queensland, from New York, at Pernambuco.
Se Saleroo, from New York, at Newnastle.
Se Monmouthabire, from New York, at Hamburg.
Se Mannheim, from New York, at Cuxhaven.
Its City of Columbia, from New York, at West Point. a.

Be Yemassee, from New York, at Charleston.
Se Gleadowe, from New York, at Charleston.
Re City of Augustine, from New York, at Jacks

file. Sa Cherokee, from New York, at Jacksonville. Sa Old Dominion, from New York, at Richmond. SIGHTED. Sa Excelsior, from Cuxhaven for New York, passed

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Sa Guallieo, from Pernambuco for New York.

Sa Energia, from Singapore for New York.

Sa Peconic, from Huelva for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS. Sa Kansas City, from Savannah for New York. Sa Iroquois, from Charleston for New York. Sa Nucces, from Key West for New York. OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

4:00 P. M INCOMING STRANSBIPS. Due Priday, Oct. 12. Augusta Vic Ping Suey Exeter City

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# DIED.

len, beloved wife of John J. Allen, at her late, reof her age. Native ot the city of Cork, Ireland. Requiem mass at St. Anthony's Church, Manhat tan av., Greenpoint, at 10 o'clock A. M., Thursday, Oct. 11, thence to Calvary Cemetery. LARKE.—On Monday, Oct. 8, Annie L. Clarke,

daughter of James Gallagher, at her father's resi-dence, 336 East 119th at. Notice of funeral hereafter. CROWLEY, -On Saturday, Oct. 6, James Crowley, ex-Superintendent Police Telegraph.
The funcral will take place from his residence, \$19
East 79th st., on Tuesday morning, Oct. 9, at 9:30
o'clock: thence to St. Lawrence's Church, 84th

st, and Park av., where a solemn requiem mas st. and Park av., where a solemn requiem mass will be offered for the repose of his soul; from thence to Calvary Cemetery for interment. NOTE:—The members of the St. Lawrence Confer-ence of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are invited to meet at the residence of our decessed brother member, James Crowley, and accompany remains to the church. THOMAS FALVEY, President.

Funeral services Wednesday, at 3 o'clock, from the residence of Mrs. John King, Bay 10th st. and Bath av., Bath Beach. WELTON, On Monday, Oct. 8, Ann Welton, after a lingering llineas. Funeral Thursday, Oct. 11, at 2 o'clock, from her late residence, 261 Cherry st. Interment in Calvary Cemetery.

GOVE .- Suddenly, Oct. 7, Annie M., wife of Henry F.

Special Motices.

AS A DEFINING and color restorer, PAR-KER'S HAIR HALBAM never fails to satisfy. HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns, 18 cts.

# Religious Antices.

CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS for the Deepening of Spiritual Life, in Hanson Place Bap tist Church. Hanson place and South Portland av., Brooklyn. Today, 10 to 12 a.M., Still 5 P.M., and at 8 P.M. Speakers, Bev. J. S. Hahop on "The Deity of the Holy Spirit; "S. H. Hadley and Mrs. E. M. Whittemore on "The Holy Spirit in His Relations to Lescue Work;" hev. E. M. Potent of New Haven and Hev. John Hempetore on "The Holy Spirit in His Relations to Church Administration;" Hev. John R. Battes on "The Holy Spirit in His Relations to the Holy Spirit in His Relations to the Relations on the Holy Spirit in His Relations to the Spirit in His Relations to the Holy Spirit in His Relations to the Holy Spirit in His Relations to the Holy Spirit in His Relations to Christ. "Free," Weeden leads the singing. Mrs. Kress will sing. Free.

New Publications.

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